TO NOELIA

By: INFIKT

Your name means born at Christmas, but for me you were a brief light in my life of darkness.

Hidden passion, suffering love of a misunderstood poet.

Noelia, you were briefly my hope.

A fleeting illusion in my fragile and tormented mind.

I saw you as a goddess, to whom I offered my gift, something no one ever had, I hope you understand.

I have spent my life in the arms of no one, an unexpected escape from a desperate situation.

An unjustified disgust, an icy chill, in your petrified heart.

There is a treasure in my body that longs to be given, only to someone loved.

A treasure of my sinless flesh, for my hands have never touched a woman.

That treasure, you cold and cruel woman have scorned.

Leaving my heart even blacker and more desolate.

Cruel woman of divine beauty, I ask, why do you condemn and marginalize me?

There is no man on this earth, filled with mediocrity and terror.

Who could give her a love like mine? Let her turn a deaf ear, like a goddess on her throne, indifferent to my cries.

Noelia, born on Christmas, for me you were only more pain and darkness.

Illusion, tumultuous sincerity, unaccepted philosophy.

That her soul and mine would merge in a loving embrace was a wild fantasy.

Cruel woman, without heart or soul, she laughed at my feelings and yet she remains in my thoughts.

Noelia, born on Christmas, you sowed pain and darkness in me. Thorns in my wounded heart, she neither knows nor understands how much I have suffered.

Noelia, born on Christmas, you are a cruel goddess on your throne of darkness.

Proud and omnipotent lady of cruelty, instead of acceptance you wounded me with your wickedness.

To my plea you did not answer, sensual goddess of darkness; at the memory of your blasphemous name, my soul trembles.

Why did you not accept my ultimate offering? Oh cruel goddess, I swore to be your faithful dog.

And like a serpent, you poured your venom, awakening passion and fire within me.

I wanted to offer you the treasure of my sinless flesh, but you scorned it.

Noelia, born at Christmas, you are a cruel demon who kills without mercy.

My whole being trembles, and when dawn breaks, my plea is reborn.

Your cruelty poisons and envelops me; the cold claws of loneliness drag me down.

I wanted to surrender the treasure of my flesh to your body, but your scorn made my soul bleed.

Noelia, born at Christmas, your presence in my life was light, and then darkness.

Cruel demon, sensual being on your infernal throne.

End my life, I give you the dagger.

Wounds from caresses, needles instead of kisses, I feel possessed by your infernal presence.

Noelia, cruel woman who sets my virgin flesh ablaze, with your fairy hands, make me lose my life.

Torture my soul, devour my purity, I am certain of your infernal nature, you scorned my virgin flesh, accept as an offering all my virgin blood.

I only wanted to love you, now unleash your evil and free me from my essence of vitality.

In the midnight of cold and calm, sweet demon, come and take my soul.

Noelia, born at Christmas, drag me to the abyss, to eternal darkness.

Noelia, born at Christmas, drink my virgin blood, satiate your evil.

Noelia, born at Christmas, a brief illusion, then pain, tears, and darkness.

If I speak your name, my soul trembles. Give me a sign, kill me. I offer you the dagger; satiate your cruelty. I will be the offering to your infernal beauty.

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